

32 JUVENILE SPORTS

treasure it in my mind; but I made no reply. The hour arrived for my departure: my mother took many and many kisses; my sisters ran and hid themselves, that they might not behold the melancholy scene of my departure; and the servants, particularly the maids, could not help crying; which last gave me great satisfaction, as I could not suppose but that those tears flowed from the fountain of esteem. I endeavoured to act *like a man*, and conceal my own emotions.

The moment for my departure arrived; my father conducted me to the post-chaise, and off we went. On our arrival at the school, while my father was busy in talking with my master, I took a survey of the premises, and could find nothing in it disagreeable. The situation was pleasant, play-room spacious, and, what pleased me much, there was a fine grove, in which, at my leisure hours, I could sit under the shade of the trees, secure from the boldest rays of the sun, and read my book.

While I was making these observations, I was called to take leave of my father. This was a trying affair. I had resolved,  
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AND PASTIMES. 33

in order to convince him, that I was ready to submit to his pleasure on all occasions, not to shed a tear. I had hitherto kept my resolution, though with some difficulty; but now, in spite of me, the tears stole down my cheeks, and my speech failed me. My father saw my situation, but seemed to take no notice of it; and, after having bidden me a farewell, stepped into his chaise, and returned home.

The next day was allowed me, as a holiday, to look about me. It was then I drew this view of our school house, by which my little readers will see it was no contemptible one.

